THE SKIRT



The Washington Times Magazine Page



THE INSIDE OF THE CUP A Story of Love and Spiritual Uplift by WINSTON CHURCHILL

Mashing-

What The Times Readers

Before Policewoman Van Winkle endeavors to take steps to put into effect her drastic ideas to prohibit

the freedom of the streets, after

dark, to unescorted girls in this

land of personal liberty, believe it

might be wise for her to make some provision to take care of her

BUREAU OF ESCORTS.

The Growing Child The Skin

KEEP HIM WELL

U. S. Public Health Service. HE skin is one of the principal organs of excretion. The body in its life activity is constantly forming waste products somewhat

In the case of the skin, there are millions of little pockets called sweat glands, which have this work to do, for the sweat is a watery extract of the waste products of

would-be victims.

Suggest that she establish a
Bureau of Escorts, to be conducted the body.

Another of the very important things which the skin does for us under Government supervision, to which girls desiring to attend school, church, movies, club meetings, etc., may make telephone rein the amount of sweat. quests for male escorts, to be fur-

nished free of charge.

It gets dark so shortly after 5:30 these days that it might be policy to arrange permanent escorts for girls working later than Govern-ment hours. Or if there are insufficient men, which seems to be the case—eliminating "cakies," and many girls will not pay for the pleasure of their company or the protection afforded by their escort -a police patrol might be used as a bus in which these unfortunate young women might safely repose while being conveyed to desired destinations. M. M. L.

PLEASED WITH OPINIONS.

Am pleased with expressions of opinions from readers of The Times in relation to unescorted young ladies on the streets at night. Hope Major Gessford will have hearty co-operation of all law-abiding citi-

OBSERVANT.

destinations.

I am a married man, holding a ment, and I am in a position to do a little observing.

Complaints are coming in everywhere about these inefficient girls drawing large salaries which they do not deserve. Of course, there are a few, thank God, who are noble representatives of their sex, and whom any man would be proud to know, but they are not masked faces, faces masked behind coats of red and white enamel. Nor either the bold ones who sally forth in bathing costumes, leaving nothing at all to the imagination. There is only one type of man that can be captured by such camouflage, and even that type is soon disgusted.

Dare we mention these women who are smoking in Uncle Sam's dormitories, in a same breath with our mothers and sisters, and good women we know? ONE WHO KNOWS.

as fire forms ashes in the process of burning. The kidneys and the liver the lungs and the skin, all play a part in getting these wastes out of the system.

is to help regulate the body tem-perature. It does this by automatic changes in the size of the blood vessels of the skin and by changes

When it is hot outside, the skin blood vessels expand and carry a larger amount of blood through the skin to be cooled off, while the sweat is discharged freely and cools the body by its evaporation. When it is cold the blood vessels contract and keep the blood in the inner parts of the body, while the sweat glands cease to discharge moisture

Clothing should be warm enough to protect the body from undue chill, but if it is too worm it makes one dull and sleppy and weakens the machinery for temperature regulation in the skin.

People who bundle up too warmly catch cold more often than those who dress too lightly, although the body must always be protected from sudden chills and cold to which it is unaccustomed.

Woolen clothes are good for cold weather because they are porus and hold a good deal of air, which is a poor conductor of heat, and be-cause they take up moisture readily and thus protect the body from chill after exercise has made the sweat flow. Cotton clothing is cooler and softer to wear next the skin

and is better for warm weather. Bathing is necessary, first of all, to remove dirt from outside and to wash off the waste materials deposited on the skin by the evaporation of the sweat, which soon produce an unpleasant body smell if they are not removed. It has also, however, an important influence upon the heat regulating machinery of the skin.

BATHING.

Warm baths increase the size of the blood vessels in the skin and draw the blood away from the brain, making one feel comfort-ably sleepy. This is why a warm bath is usually taken at bedtime. A cold bath, on the other hand, contracts the skin blood vessels and drives the blood to the brain and

HOW TO KEEP THE CHILD WELL.

The Washington Times has arranged with the U. S. Public Health Service to answer all questions submitted by its readers in regard to the health of the child.

Address.

Child Health Editor, The Washington Times, Washington, D. C.

makes one feel alert and keen. Cold bathing is a powerful tonic to the skin, since it trains the blood vessels to respond quickly to changes in temperature. People who take cold baths regularly are likely to be hardier and much less subject to colds than others. It should be remembered, however, that some peo

In the matter of bathing, as in that of clothing, we must remember that the body should be stimulated by cold, but not chilled too much. A cold bath should be followed by a reaction, the blood vessels of the skin enlarged again and the skir becoming warm and glowing. Brisk rubbing with a rough towel helps to secure this reaction. If no re-action follows, the bath is too cold or too prolonged or the physical condition is such that cold baths are inadvisable.

Doors That Open Outward. The Greek and Roman doors in variably open outward. A person passing out of a house is, therefore obliged to knock on the door before opening it to avoid a collision with a passer-by.

The Curious Penguin.

The penguins of the Antarctic but they are the most human of all the bird family, walking upright and living in communities, quite unafraid of man.

A Daily Recipe LEMON BUTTER.

Three egg yolks, one egg, white, juice of two lemons, one-half teaspoon lemon extract, one cup sugar, three tablespoons but-ter. Beat yolk and whites with sugar until light. Add butter and lemon juice and cook over hot water until thick. Flavor cake or sandwich filling.

Follow This Great Serial Here, Then Watch for It in Motion Pictures Personally Directed by Albert Capellani

cities the invasion of factories and the rush of new business drive the old-established and wealthy families toward the outskirts. The fashionable St. John's Church, the pride of the city, in which the venerable Dr. Gilman has preached, finds itself isolated and in need of a new pastor to lift the burden from aged shoulders. The new man, Rev. John Hodder, is discussed by the Waring family after one of his first sermons, and the opinion is that he will be conserva-

"The Inside of the Cup," published serially here by permission of the MacMillan Company, has been made into a motion picture by Cosmopoli-tan Productions and will be re-leased as a Paramount Arteraft

By Winston Churchill. Author of "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," and Many Other Novels of World-Wide Popularity.

66 THE situation in the early Christian Church is now a matter of history, and he who runs may read. The first churches, like those of Corinth and Ephesus and Rome, were democracies; no such thing as a priestly line to carry on a hierarchy, an ecclesistical dynasty, was dreamed of. It may be gathered from the gospels that such an idea was so far from the mind of Christ that his mission was to set at naught just such another hier-archy, which then existed in Israel, The Apostles were no more bishops than was John the Baptist, but preachers who traveled from place to place, like Paul. The congrega-tions, at Rome and elsewhere, elected their own presbyteri, episcopal or overseers. It is, to say the least, doubtful, that Peter was ever in

"The professor ought to have a pulpit of his own," said Phil. Evelyn, who had been eating quantities of hothouse grapes, spoke up. "So far as I can see, the dilemma in which our congregation finds itself is this: We want to know what there is in Christianity that we can lay hold of. We should like to believe, but, as George says, all our education contradicts the doctrines that are most insisted upon. We have the choice of going to people like George, who know a great deal clergymen like Mr. Hodder, who deall violate the rea-

fully trained." "Upon my word, I think you've put it rather well, Evelyn," said Eleanor, admiringly. "In spite of personalities," added

"I don't see the use of fussing about it," proclaimed Laureston Grey, who was the richest and sprucest of the three sons-in-law. "Why can't we let well enough

EVELYN OBJECTS.

"Because it isn't well enough, Evelyn replied. "I want the real thing or nothing. I go to church once a month to please mother. It doesn't do me any good. And don't see what good it does you and Lucy to go every Sunday. You at dinners and dances during the week. And besides," she added, with the arrogance of modern youth, "you and Lucy are both intellectually lazy.'

"I like that from you, Evelyn," her sister flared up. "You never

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scription, and is still more indebted for the reduction of this harmless, effective obesity remedy to tablet form. They are so convenient to take, and as pleasant as candy. One after each meal and at bedtime will quickly reduce your weight, two, three or four pounds a week, and leave no evil effects such as loose, flabby skin and unsightly wrinkles. Just go on eating what you like—leave exercise to the athlets—take your little tablet as directed and soon you will be your natural self, closked in firm flesh and trim muscles. Marmola Prescription Tablets may now be obtained at all drug stores, or by writing direct to the Marmola Co.. 92 Garfield Building. Detroit, Mich., and their reasonable price—one dollar for a good size box—leaves no excuse for deting or violent exercise for the reduction of the overfat body to normal proportions.

In one of our large Western + read anything except the sporting columns and the annual rules of tennis and golf and polo." "Must everything be reduced to

terms?" Mrs. Waring gently la-mented. "Why can't we, as Laury suggests, just continue to trust."
"They are the more fortunate, perhaps, who can, mother," George Bridges answered, with more of feeling in his voice than he was wont to show. "Unhappily, truth does not come that way. If Roger Bacon and Galileo and Newton and Darwin and Harvey and the others had 'just trusted.' the world's knowledge would still remain as stationary as it was during the thousand-odd years the hierarchy of the Church was supreme, when theology was history, philosophy and science rolled into one.

'If God had not meant man to know something of his origin dif-fering from the account in Genesis, he would not have given us Darwin and his successors. Practically every great discovery since the Revival we owe to men who, by their very desire for truth, were forced into opposition to the tremendous power of the Church, which always insisted that people should 'just trust,' and take the mixture of cosmogony and Greek philosophy transcription. mogony and Greek philosophy, tradition and fable, paganism, Judiac sacerdotalism and temporal power, wrongly called spiritual, dealt out by this same Church as the last word on science, philosophy, history, metaphysics and government." "Stop!" cried Eleanor. "You make me dizzy."

"Nearly all the pioneers to whom we owe our age of comparative enlightenment were heretics," George persisted. "And if they could have been headed off, or burned, most of us would still be living in mud caves at the foot of the cliff on which stood the nobleman's castle; and kings would still be kings by were any workers in the black art, and every phenomenon we failed to understand, a miracle."

"I choose the United States of America," ejaculated Evelyn. "I gather, George," said Phil Goodrich, "that you don't believe n miracles."

"Miracles are becoming suspiclously fewer and fewer. Once, an eclipse of the sun was enough to throw men on their knees because they thought it supernatural. If they were logical they'd kneel today because it has been found natural. Only the inexplicable phenomena are miracles; and after a while—if the theologians will only permit us to finish the job-there won't be any inexplicable phenomena. Mystery, as I believe William James puts it, may be called the

more-to-be-known. "In taking that attitude, George,

aren't you limiting the power of God?" said Mrs. Waring. es it limit the power of God, mother," her son-in-law asked. to discover that he chooses work by laws? The most suicidal tendency in religious bodies today s their medieval insistence on what they are pleased to call the supernatural. Which is the more marvelous-that God can stop the earth and make the sun appear to stand still, or that he can construct a universe of untold millions of suns with planets and satellites, each moving in its orbit, according to law; a universe wherein every atom is true to a sovereign conception? and yet this marvel of marvelsthat makes God in the twentieth century infinitely greater than in the sixteenth-would never have been discovered if the champions of theology had had their way."

Mrs. Waring smiled a little. ELEANOR SPEAKS.

"You are too srong for me, George," she said, "but you mustn't expect an old woman to change." "Mother, dear," cried Eleanor, rising and laying her hand on Mrs. Waring's cheek, "we don't want you to change. It's ourselves we wish to change, we wish for a religious faith like yours, only the same teaching which gave it to you is powerless for us. That's our trouble. We have only to look at you," she added, a little wistfully, "to be sure there is something—something vital in Christianity, if we could only get at it, something that does not depend upon what we have been led to believe is indispensble. George, and men like him, can only show the weakness in the old supports. I don't mean that they aren't doing the world a service in revealing errors, but they cannot reconstruct."

"That is the clergyman's busi-ness," declared Mr. Bridges. "But e must first acknowledge that the old supports are worthless."
"Well," said Phil, "I like your

rector, in spite of his anthropomorphism—perhaps, as George would say, because of it. There is comething manly about him that appeals to me. "There," cried Eleanor, trium-"I've always said Mr.

Hodder had a spiritual personality. You feel there is truth shut up inof him which he cannot communicate. I'll teil you who im-presses me in that way more strongly than any one else—Mr. Bentley. And he doesn't come to church any more." "Mr. Bentley,' said her mother,

"is a saint. Your father tried to get him to dinner today, but he had promised those working girls of his, who live on the upper floors of his house, to dine with them One of them told me so. Of course, he will never speak of his kind-

"Mr. Bentley doesn't bother his head about theology," said Sally. "He just lives."

To Be Continued Tomorrow. No One Need Buy Cuticura Before He **Tries Free Samples**



Vernon McNutt-

Is Marriage a Success?

SYMPATHY AND ADVICE

Play fair. I was attracted by a letter signed 'Downhearted." At one time, in fact a few months ago, I was the same shoes as your lady friend is now. It came to my knowledge that my flance had been married, and as it was told me, had gotten no divorce. Imagine how I felt, when he had never intimated that he was other than a single man. I, however, wanted the story from him and asked him to the house that very morning. Of course, outside people seldom get information straight because of carelessness in repeating, and I found that my friend had his divorce (he showed it to me) and that his wife had been untrue while he was in France. He said he intended and would have told me before we married, but put it off because he was afraid I might turn him down on finding he had been married. However, I didn't as I loved him too

well by that time. My advice to "downhearted" would be this: Have a perfectly frank talk with your flancee tell her everything. I don't know what her opinion on divorce is, but if she does stick to you, she'll love you better than ever for your frankness. If you don't tell her, she'll be bound to find it out sometime, and then how much con-

fidence will she have in you? Your first wife fooled you; don't you fool the girl you love, and if you really love her, you'll be fair enough to tell her.

I am not married as yet, but it seems to me that the fact that marriage was instituted by God is sufficient evidence that it is a success. If it proves a failure in some cases, it is the fault of the contracting parties. I do not presume to lay down any hard and fast rules, but my flance and I have found it best to be perfectly frank with one another. MAY.

WHAT HE OVERHEARD.

The writer was sitting on one of the park benches about August, 1918. Along came a woman and a man dressed in khaki. The woman said very plainly and distinctly to "Place absolutely no confidence whatever in any woman. I want to tell you they are not to be trusted." I thought, My! what an indictment of the sex by the sex. Who is better able to judge? ENIGMA.

NOT A BED OF ROSES.

Some say it is; some say not; but what would we do without it? From my own personal experience It is a success, and, if I were single today, would get married again. My marriage was a runaway affair; my husband an apprentice and I a schoolgirl. But we have never re-gretted it. We have been married fourteen years now and have a daughter thirteen, and are still

This Day in Our History. This is the anniversary of the discovery of the gunpowder plot in 1605 through an anonymous letter to Lord Mounteagle. The plotters aimed to destroy the King of England, the Lords and the Commons, when Parliament

quarrel. Of course, married life is not a

bed of roses, but is single life either? I think the great key to good man or woman to go through success in marriage is: Take in some pleasures, whether you can gether and take baby, too, and, above all, be big enough to forgive

None of the men wanted to let him live

to tell This one on Them

but he made his escape.

BOOKS

BRITE AND FAIR. By Henry A. Shute. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corpor-

for and of boys, but few who succeed, for the very simple reason that the boy himself is the exacting judge who promptly recognizes and rejects that counterfeit which fails to ring true of real boyism. Mark Twain, Booth Tarkington, and Judge Henry A. Shute are three authors in whom the spirit of boyhood refused to change as they reached manhood. And that explains why "Huck Finn," "Penrod Schoffeld," and "Plupy Shute" are

so real and so human. Millions have laughed till the tears came over "The Real Diary of a Real Boy." Now Judge Shute has been persuaded to publish the funniest parts of Plupy's diary-'the things they didn't dare print" in the previous volume. If this is a true record of his boyhood-and must be for it sounds like real boyhood—the judge must have

been "some boy." The diary comes to the reader exactly as it was written, unrevised in diction, spelling, or punctuation. It derives its title from the meteorological observation the youngster usually affixes to the record of his day's doings inscribed in the diary, providing it wasn't "clowdy." or "rany and thunderry." One extract will suffice to convey an idea of the delights that are to be found in this appealing volume:

"August 7, 186-hot and thunderry. Cele is reading the bible throug. She reads a chapter evry morning. She is terrible religius. She is a great reader of dime novels. She reads all mine. father lets me read them. He says he likes to read them himself. it is all indian fiting. Cele has read Nat Todder the Trapper and Billy Bolegs and Scalploc Sam and Mountain Mike and One Eyd Pete and lots of them. She says she likes the bible best, i don't beleve it. she has got as far as the 2th palsam. once father made me lern a palsam, he gave me 10 cents. mother dont believe it will do Cele eny good to read dime novels but father says it will help her attain a hapy medium. Then Plupy and Beany and Pewt

organize "The Terrible 3." a sort of ku-klux-klan affair, and Plupy Shute is elected to write out the of the proceedings, naively explaining, "because i can spel so mutch beter than Pewt can." Plupy and his companions were undoubtedly real boys, and their

delight by the boys of yesterdaykeen and sympathetic understanding. Worth Brehm has admirably illus-

adventures will be read with great

What is greater than the love of a

with! You can have your single blessedness. For mine, I take married life. So cheer up, old C. A. Victim, for you're out of luck. I sympathize with you, if I am a de ceiver, for I'm happy at thirty and still game. A DAISY.

SUGGEST E. P. C. USE A FLATIRON.

P. C., would like to suggest that she use more spirit, much more spirit, in dealing with her husband. It is bad enough to put up with a man with a "nasty" temper and "awful" disposition without allowing him to be so penurious that he

Replying to the letter signed E.

makes the children sleep on the floor for lack of a bed. I would suggest that she tell him in a way of meaning it that unless he furnished suitable clothing and necessary furniture that she will place the children in a charitable home and leave him entirely and support herself; or threaten him with arrest for nonsupport and make him asbamed, the butt and laughing stock of his neighbors. If neither of these suggestions were plausible to her, a third way would be to take a flat-

Dear E. P. C., your marriage most assuredly is not a success. but neither is mine. However, I would never, never, ever for a week put up with conditions which MORE SPIRIT.

iron, rolling pin or anything handy

and force him to lay on the floor

for a while, just to see how he



Why did Jeanne try to kill him-

and then nurse him back to life?

Jeanne tried deliberately and expertly to kill him. He had no doubt about that. And now she was nursing him back to life. Why? Who was she? Where was she taking him? This is the exciting start of the greatest story yet written by the author of "The River's End", In November Good Housekeeping read

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